

was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place, which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half-fantastic, a broken prayer, that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest, and to shrink from torment. Yet, again, it was a half-fantastic prayer, because, from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear forever, had long since persuaded her mind, that for *her* no such prayer could be granted. Too well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *funds* out of which the French restoration should grow; but she was not suffered to witness their development, or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But she still continued to expose her person as before. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. And at length, in a sortie from Compiègne (whether through treacherous collusion on the part of her own friends is doubtful to this day),⁵² she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

Now came her trial. This trial, moving of course under English influence, was conducted in chief by the Bishop of Beauvais. He was a Frenchman, sold to English interests, and hoping, by favor of the English leaders, to reach the highest preferment. *Bishop that art, Archbishop that shalt be, Cardinal that mayest be*,⁵³ were the words that sounded continually in his ear; and doubtless, a whisper of visions still higher, of a triple crown,⁵⁴ and feet upon the necks of

52. Michelet argues that there *was* "treacherous collusion." "The probability is that the Pucelle was bargained for and bought." Her captor sold her to the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke sold her to the English.

53. An echo of the witches' words in Macbeth: "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promised." Act I., 3 and 5.

54. **Triple crown**: The Pope's crown consists of a long cap, or tiara, of golden cloth, encircled by three coronets, and surmounted by a ball and cross of gold. The second coronet was added to indicate the prero-